

The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

NO. 10.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
9:39 A. M. Daily.
12:03 P. M. Daily.
5:03 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
9:12 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
6:15 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
12:03 P. M. Daily.
4:05 P. M. Daily.
7:33 P. M. Daily.
8:33 P. M. Daily.
12:15 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:18 a. m.	5:27 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:55 ..	4:50 ..
5:10 ..	5:05 ..
5:15 ..	5:10 ..
5:30 ..	5:15 ..
7:30 ..	7:00 ..
8:30 ..	8:00 ..
9:30 ..	9:00 ..
10:30 ..	10:00 ..
11:30 ..	11:00 ..
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 1:45 p. m.

The last suburban car leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m. connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

From San Mateo	From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.
WEEK-DAYS	WEEK-DAYS
5:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
8:00 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. every 60 minutes	7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes
SATURDAYS	SATURDAYS
5:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes
12:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 20 minutes	11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes
7:30 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
SUNDAYS	SUNDAYS
First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 12:00 p. m.	First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 11:30 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:03
" South	—	4:05

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	6:55	12:09
" South	6:15	5:24

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Redwood City
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
C. L. McCracken	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

PHILIPPINE RAILWAYS MAY BE BUILT BY THE GOVERNMENT

If New Bids Prove Unsatisfactory Uncle Sam Will Construct Lines.

Memphis, Tenn.—Governor-General of the Philippines Luke E. Wright, asked as to the report of his resignation of the Governorship, would say nothing definite.

"I have heard of this matter only since my return to America, and I am thinking more of my play now than of my work six months hence," he asserted.

Regarding the government of the islands and their future Wright said:

"All the recent bids for the railroad work have been rejected. We will try for new estimates, and you may state that if the next batch are also turned down one or more important lines will be built by the Government. It is, indeed, desirable to develop all the sections where the proposed roads are to run, but it is better to allow our friends, whom we are making into good citizens of the United States, to wait a little for the prosperity that will come with such facilities than to submit to such bids or to give radical concessions to Americans from home.

"But these roads will be built. With commerce such as should exist between sister states and territories unrestricted by any duties, the islanders will by increased intercourse have taken a long step toward self-government. Many American public men are disposed to view the ultimate political condition too gloomily. It will take time, but it will come eventually, and free trade will go a long way toward making self-government a possibility."

Oldest Indian in Northwest Dead.

Tacoma, Wash.—Quiack, the oldest Indian in the Northwest, died last week at his home on Satsop river, Chehalis county. He was at least 120 years old, having been old and gray-haired when the oldest settlers came to Gray's Harbor, fifty years ago.

Quiack was born on the Satsop river and lived there nearly all his life. When John Brady, who died in California several weeks ago, came down the Satsop river in 1852 Quiack was his guide. He was one of the most peaceful Indians in the Territory, on several occasions refusing to take part in early Indian uprisings. Quiack had had three wives, the last one leaving him several years ago. But one son survives. He is employed in a logging camp on Clatsop river.

Helpless From Feast of Fish.

Tacoma, Wash.—A Nanaimo fisherman had a unique experience with a flock of seagulls several evenings ago. He reached Nanaimo in an open boat containing two tons of herring. While up town the seagulls took possession of the boat. On his return all but sixty flew away. This number had so gorged themselves with herring that they could not fly, but hoped about in a state of helplessness.

The fisherman finally climbed into the boat and lifted them overboard. They were able to swim with an effort and most of them went ashore to recover from the effects of their feast.

Predicts Hardships for Japanese.

Victoria, B. C.—Clay Macaulay of Boston, a recognized authority on Japan, returned from another visit by the steamship Tremont. He said there would be considerable suffering in Japan following the return of the army from Manchuria. The Japanese Government, confronted as it was by grave financial problems, could not undertake governmental relief as would the United States. The distress during the next few years will be very great.

Prominent Ventura Banker Dead.

Ventura, Calif.—John Carne, president of the First National Bank of Ventura, and one of the leading orchardists and business men of this county, died in this city last week. Carne came here from Chicago about ten years ago. In that city he was well known as chief deputy in the County Clerk's office for many years and was a prominent in Republican politics. He was a native of England, 68 years of age and leaves a family of six grown children.

Prefers Jail to Work.

Honolulu.—J. P. McElroy, who has spent the past ten years almost entirely in jail on successive convictions for vagrancy, has finally gone to work. The courts refused to commit him for vagrancy, as he sought conviction on that charge for the purpose of going to jail.

SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches From Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

GOVERNMENT BEGINS WAR UPON THE HESIAN FLY

Will Endeavor to Drive the Destructive Pest From Wheat Fields.

Washington.—According to the annual report of L. C. Howard, in charge of the bureau of entomology of the Department of Agriculture, the main work of the bureau for the last fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, was in connection with the cotton boll weevil, the importation of beneficial insects from abroad, investigations of insects damaging forests and deciduous fruit trees, work on insects injurious to vegetable crops and affecting the great staple field crops and work in silk and bee culture.

The investigations into the cotton boll worm were such that cotton planters will, it is stated, be enabled to control that injurious pest.

Experiments on a large scale, extending over practically the whole of the wheat-growing area, have been begun, looking toward the elucidation of certain as yet unsolved problems in the propagation of the Hessian fly and of the joint worms of wheat, and also to determine the best time to sow wheat in the autumn in order to ward off the autumn attack of the fly. Investigations of the same insect in the spring wheat regions have been begun, since only recently has the Hessian fly spread into this new country.

Railroads to Care for Old Employees.

New York.—At respective meetings of the boards of directors of the New York Central, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railways each of these companies decided to establish a pension bureau to take care of superannuated employees.

Navy Yard Crowded.

Vallejo.—The marine guard has been largely strengthened at the yard, now being 819, as compared with 536 some time ago. There are 300 officers and men at the post, and ninety prisoners. The barracks and prison are both overcrowded and about one-half the guard is living in tents.

Four robbers blew open the safe in the bank at Baldwin, Ill., and escaped after a fight with citizens. Nobody was hurt in the street fighting. About \$2500 in currency was torn into shreds by the explosion and \$1000 in silver was damaged. It is not known how much the robbers secured.

Robert Rutherford and M. C. Murray, both from Philadelphia, were killed by highwaymen on a ranch at Diaz, a small settlement in Chihuahua, Mexico. A man named Finstad of Los Angeles and another, known as "Shorty," were wounded. The robbers escaped.

Josh Neave, a multi-millionaire, has been decided on for superintendent of the street cleaning department of Cincinnati, his acceptance having been received by the new board of public service which takes office next month. Neave said he desired the office in order to give Cincinnati the cleanest streets possible.

Imports of diamonds and other precious stones have reached the remarkable total of \$77,000,000 at the port of New York for the present year. Not only has the annual increase of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 been kept up, but the banner year of 1904, with \$6,002,275 worth of gems, has been beaten by nearly \$1,000,000.

Edward Joris, the Belgian, and three others charged with participation in the attempt to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey last July, have been sentenced to death. Other alleged accomplices were committed to penal servitude for life, and ten persons charged with the same crime, who have not yet been arrested, were sentenced to death.

General Booth of the Salvation Army has written to King Edward, announcing that George Herring, chairman of the City of London Electric Lighting Company and a prominent member of many other corporations, had donated \$500,000 to the army to be used in a home colonization scheme, but that the army had engaged to repay this sum in twenty-five annual installments to the King's hospital fund.

Three men were blown to pieces, seven others were more or less seriously hurt, and the occupants of fashionable hotels and residences in the vicinity of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street were startled by an explosion of dynamite in an excavation for the new Altman building. Fragments of the bodies of the dead men were scattered over an area of hundreds of feet, and it was hours before the exact number of victims of the accident could be determined. The explosion was caused by a workman unintentionally striking a heavy charge of dynamite which had been placed in a drill hole in a ledge of rocks several days ago, and which defied all efforts to explode it at that time.

EXPORT TRADE NOT HURT BY BOYCOTT

United States Transacted an Immense Volume of Business With China and Japan During Year Just Closed

Marked Increase in the Shipments of Copper, Cotton Cloth, Flour, Paper, Tobacco, Canned Beef and Machinery.

Washington.—No feature of the export trade of the United States for 1905 has shown a larger growth than the trade with China and Japan, says a bulletin issued by the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. In the ten months ended with October exports to China aggregated more than \$50,000,000 in value, against \$20,000,000 in the same

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Yes, the cup of love contains many spoons.

It is up to you to win the prize; let others explain how they lost it.

Most men do what they do because they think at the time it is the proper thing to do.

The more henpecked a man is the more ferocious he tries to act when he is away from home.

The spectacle of the Mutual investigating the Mutual somehow suggests a Mutual admiration society.

Why don't the policy-holders get together now and demand a constitution from the McCall's and McCurdys?

No woman should be expected to work for a husband after marriage. She usually works hard enough trying to get him.

As England and Japan did not form the alliance to please Russia, they may not be especially distressed at that country's disapproval.

This discussion as to who will take Sir Henry Irving's place as the greatest actor is not interesting Richard Mansfield. He knows.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given \$75,000 for a public school building. It was probably money her husband had saved by not taking a vacation.

"Kid" McCoy, the prize fighter, has married a widow with three young children. This thoroughly disproves the charge that Mr. McCoy lacks grit.

Sometimes we are tempted to believe that the criminal on trial is almost as bad as the attorney who resorts to all sorts of cunning tricks to cheat justice for him.

The old way of looting a bank with the aid of a jimmy, a dark lantern, a little powder and a fuse is clumsy and unprofitable altogether in comparison with the modern methods.

The time is coming when no horse show will be considered up to date that doesn't distribute ribbons to the wearers of the swellest gowns among the occupants of the boxes.

In spite of the Berlin professor's assertion that the bite of a pretty girl will kill quicker than the bite of a rattlesnake, there are lots of us that will go right on risking it.

The Chinese are unreasonable enough to resent the shooting of their women by American sportsmen, even after it has been explained to them that the shooting was accidental.

London is stirred up over the discovery of a gentleman crook who keeps a valet. Pooch-pooch. In this country the average insurance magnate keeps a houseful of servants.

Mark Twain thinks the world will have universal peace when everybody is dead. Mark is so pessimistic that we begin to suspect that one of his near neighbors must have a parrot or a bad boy.

A woman has been arrested for putting love powders in her husband's coffee. This is no more than right. If she wants to win her husband's love let her abandon the powders and learn how to make good coffee.

Testimony gathered in Boston shows that William Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers divided \$3,563,000 as the profits of a Boston gas deal. Philanthropists of the McCurdy type are not neglecting the illumination of the human race.

A New York woman who weighs 200 pounds fell from a fourth-story window and cut one of her hands rather painfully. The woman who weighs 200 pounds should always be careful when she falls from a fourth-story window not to put out her hands where they may come in contact with sharp things.

President Roosevelt has done one more great and notable thing in creating, by executive order, one of the greatest forest reservations on the globe—465,900 acres of timber land in Southwestern Utah. Ninety per cent of the land already belonged to the United States government. The man who saves the trees is a public benefactor.

No simpleton ever bought gold brick without having in himself the seeds of avarice, the desire to get something for nothing. The action of the United States postoffice in shutting down upon many kinds of swindlers does good in quashing individual offenders, but still more good in warning the people against other offenders who feed on the credulous. Good sense and good principles among the people do more than statutes to defeat the sale of dangerous and foolish cure-alls and stock in mines which exist only on paper. The success of fraud is not so much a reflection on the statutes and those who administer them as upon the intelligence of thousands of citizens.

Rudyard Kipling has been condemning the American people as a race of money-makers. He uses some high-

sounding phrases. He seems to be very indignant. But, after all, he can accuse us only of succeeding eminently in what all the rest of the people of the earth are trying their best to do. In the open field of foreign trade we encounter just as keen competition as we give. The gravest public question in England, Germany, France and all the rest of the European countries is how to maintain and extend their trade and enlarge their opportunities for increasing the national wealth. Because we, through richer natural resources, shrewder business methods and higher skill in workmanship, beat them all at the general game, need there be ill-tempered accusations? To the sheer of hypocritical contempt we can placidly reply that England, France, Germany and all the rest are trying their best to be races of money-makers, but can't. We have the widest strip of the richest soil the sun shines on. We have the finest climate in the world. We have the most productive mines, wells, farms and factories ever grouped into one land. We have the richest supply of natural resources ever known to any people in any period of the world's history. We have gathered together here the best blood and brain and brawn of all the nations of the earth, and each individual man is broadened by general education and quickened and inspired by independence and opportunity. Indeed, with all our advantages, if we did not eminently succeed in the ambition that is universal among mankind we should be ninny-nincompoops. The charge that we are a money-making people is quite true. But it is no reproach. It is unlikely that there was ever a day, or a place on the earth's surface, when and where such enormous sums of money passed about so freely as have recently been exchanged in the metropolis of this country. A messenger boy secures \$360,000 from a bank on a forged check and discovery of the staggering theft creates not a ripple of alarm on the serene financial sea. In an inner room at some very plain offices a very mild-mannered gentleman takes \$10,000,000 in certified checks from his pocket and passes them over to another. The almost fabulous sum is given out of a private fortune, which will not feel the loss, for the extension of higher education. About the same time a cab was rolling down Broadway from the City Hall to the City Bank and in it was an unnoticed little man bearing \$36,000,000, a part of the taxes paid in during the day. "Money makes money," is an old maxim. "To him that hath shall be given," is still another.

PLUCKY TEXAS GIRL.

Put Her Arms Around Wild Bear and Gave Him a Hug.

Bear hugging is an amusement which few people, especially young ladies, would care to indulge in, and it is seldom that one would have the chance to embrace a real live "brain" in his native haunts even if he—or she—had the nerve and inclination to try it. The opportunity, however, came not long ago to Miss Bessie Wells, a pretty little Texas lass, who, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, started W. D. Cameron, who happened to be with her at the time, by giving a full-grown cinnamon bear in Yellowstone Park a good squeeze around the neck. The bear, however, much to the relief of Miss Wells' companion, did not reciprocate the caress, although he seemed to enjoy it.

Miss Wells is the 15-year-old daughter of a wealthy cotton dealer of Austin, Tex. She is a beauty of the true Southern type, imbued with the daring spirit and nerve that so often are found in the Western plains girl, and is large for her age. Recently, with her father, her aunt and her grandmother, she started on a tour of the Northwest. The party visited Seattle a short time ago and from here went to Yellowstone Park. There they made the journey through the park in one of the wagons utilized for tourist travel.

A member of the party described Miss Wells' escapade as follows:

"Our party had stopped for the noon hour luncheon, and while the meal was being prepared Miss Wells and I started out to pick a few berries. We had gone but a short distance, when about 100 yards away we saw a large cinnamon bear browsing among the bushes. Knowing that all the animals in the park are more or less tame, we approached the bear. I held up my hand, and the bear, thinking that I had something for him to eat, stood on his hind feet and reached up, but, finding that he had been deceived, shook his head angrily and walked away. My young companion then ran back to the wagon and returned with a few cookies. Again we approached the bear and Miss Wells held one of the cookies out in her hand. The bear repeated the same performance he had gone through with me, but this time he found something. Miss Wells gradually drew back her hand while the bear was reaching for it until the animal's head was over her shoulder, and then, while he was eating the cookie, she reached around his neck with her other hand and hugged him tightly. My heart seemed to stop beating, but I dared not yell, for the animal would be startled and attack the girl. When he had finished eating the cookie, however, he merely dropped down on all fours again and sauntered off into the brush. In all my experiences I have never seen a more reckless or daring and even dangerous action by a young woman."

It is strange that to say a girl looks like a ghost is not considered a compliment; ghosts are angels.

FLASHES OF FUN

Mother (who is teaching her child the alphabet)—Now, dearie, what comes after g?" The Child—Whizzz—Ex.

"Where did you put the butter?" said a lady to her colored girl. "Done put it in de freezator, missus," was the answer.—Ex.

Naggsby—What an excellent carriage that young man has! Waggsby—Yep. He's a football coach.—Baltimore American.

He—They say people who marry soon grow to look alike. She—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—Chicago News.

Bobby (at dinner table)—Papa, can I have two pieces of pie? Papa—Sure; just cut the piece you have in two.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dashaway—Do you love that girl as much as you think you do? Cleverton—Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do.—Ex.

She—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you? He—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.—Ex.

James—My lord, the carriage waits without. My Lord—Without what, James? James—Without any 'sses, my lord. It is the motor carriage.

Customer—Those trousers are too short for my boy; he'd outgrow them in five weeks. Tailor—No danger; they won't last that long.—Chicago Journal.

"Why don't you get up and give that to your father, Bobby? Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?" "Not on a street car."—Chicago News.

Jawback—My mother's cooking—Mrs. Jawback—Well, she deserves it. But I didn't think you'd acknowledge it so shortly after her death.—Cleveland Leader.

She—Are your poems improving any? He—I judge so. The editor used to give me ten seconds to get out of the office. Now he gives me fifteen.—Chicago News.

"How can a girl tell whether or not she is a man's affinity?" murmured Susie. "By looking him up in Bradstreet," replied Polly. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How much of an estate did he leave?" "It appears that he died neither rich nor poor. They estimate his estate at about two millions."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Newlywed—Well, Henry, how do you like my pies? Mr. Newlywed—Dearest, they are just like the pies that my father used to say were not like his mother used to make!—Ex.

Dumley—What they call preferred stock is the stock that pays dividends, isn't it? Wiseman—Not at all; but the stock that does pay dividends is always preferred.—Philadelphia Press.

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gas? Bronco Bill—Will it hurt if I don't? Dentist—it will. Bronco Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it.—Life.

"Thank you," she said, as he finally gave her his seat in the car, "it's almost impossible to stand on your feet." "That was because I kept pulling 'em out of your way, ma'am," he replied.—Ex.

George—Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed? John—Noah. George—You are wrong. Don't the Good Book tells us that Noah came forth; so there must have been three ahead of him.—New York Times.

Lumber Yard Lem—I hain't seen Weary Willie around lately. Seven League Saunders—No; he's disguised himself as a college professor an' livin' as one o' dem. He's goin' to write a magazine article on dere lives an' habits.—Puck.

"Why do you want a divorce?" the judge asked. "Because I can't look at my wife without being tempted to commit suicide or murder." "What brought about this state of mind?" "She put moth balls in my cigar pocket." "Petition granted."—Judge.

"Wasn't trying to commit suicide?" Why, she jumped off the end of the pier into thirty feet of water and sank like a stone!" "I know, but she just explained to the man who rescued her that she had learned to swim at a correspondence school!"—Houston Post.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Hiram Offen. "Well," replied the pretty servant maid, "the last couple I was with didn't agree." "Indeed? Why should their disagreements affect you?" "It was about me. The gentleman liked me, but she didn't!"—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Stammerton—O! Vera!—er—that is, M—M—Miss Sere, I—er—lul—lul—lul—Miss Sere (coyly)—Yes, Mr. Stammerton, say it, don't be afraid.

Mr. Stammerton—I'm afraid it's g—g—going to t—t—t—take me so lul—long to say it that you'd bub—better remark "This is so sudden" now.—Philadelphia Press.

"What a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogle, looking up from the letter in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except as an ornament?"

None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"—Boston Transcript.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TRYING TO TEACH CHILDREN MUSIC.

By Axel Menin.

One of the best posted music masters in Chicago estimates that over \$3,000,000 a year is absolutely wasted on music lessons for girls and boys who have neither liking nor aptitude for music. He figures that one in five girls in Chicago takes piano or voice lessons at some time in her career, and he declares that not one of 500 of these possess more than enough talent to drum out a popular air.

"The amount of money wasted in trying to teach music to children is something enormous," he says. "Naturally every parent wants his child to have some accomplishment, and when you speak of accomplishments for girls to nine out of ten fathers the only accomplishment they can think of is pounding a piano—and half of the fathers believe that any girl can play a piano if she takes lessons.

"There is a young woman who lives near me. She has no talent. Her father is a workingman on a salary. For eight years he has been spending from \$300 to \$800 a year on music lessons for her. She could not learn to play well in two lifetimes. Her idea is to make noise. She cannot even keep time. She attempts anything and butchers it wonderfully. She could have learned to play just as well at home—because she never could be a musician, anyhow. I have upbraided her teacher for taking the money and not informing the family of the impossibility. 'I tried,' he said. 'They were insulted, and told me she would one day be a greater musician than myself. Some one would have taken the money, anyhow—so I have been taking it until my conscience hurts."

"The best way for a parent to do is to have some competent teacher—one recognized everywhere—to pass upon the child's possibilities. Then he should send the child only to the best teacher. There it will not only learn to play properly and develop its talents, but it will be money well expended. It will cost more per lesson, perhaps, but the limit of advancement will be reached sooner. And the parents will know when the education is as complete as the child's ability will permit."

OIL BURNER TO REPLACE STEAM ENGINE.

By Daniel McTavish.

The steam engine would not have lasted so long as it has but for the mechanical perfection of its design. The part it has played in the development of our modern civilization was, of course, most important, but, if for two reasons only, it is doomed. It is clumsy; the energy it has made available for a thousand purposes is more than counterbalanced by the energy it has wasted. The problem appears a simple one.

On the one hand we have the bottled sunlight which we call coal. On the other, we have a piece of machinery. In the furnace the coal and air are transformed into a mixture of hot gases, but the greater part of the heat of the gases and the whole of their volume goes up the chimney. The wastefulness of this proceeding is estimated at from 90 to 95 per cent.

We want a prime mover which will burn its fuel in the working cylinder. Its piston will be worked by the products of combustion as their volume increases and as they expand

THE MIRACLE OF CHANGE.

Morn after morn the woods unfold

Their tapestries of vivid gold;

How subtle and how strange

This miracle of change!

Day after day across the swamp

Encrimsoned banners toss their pomp;

How fair beyond belief!

This pageant of the leaf!

Year after year on Youth's green page

Are limned the ripening tints of Age;

With what rich marvel rife

This mystery of life!

—New York Sun.

THE GOOD ONE DOES.

FINE weather for hayin'," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his material nature, God's sunshine and grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accoutrements to "a good crop."

Miss Fairhaven sat beside him knitting.

"Yes," said she. "Who's that a-comin' up the path?"

"One of the new hands, I calc'late," said Eliakim, screwing his eyes. "I didn't agree to give him his supper and board into the bargain a night before the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Fairhaven, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of 9 years, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child!" said Miss Fairhaven, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress, "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodgin'—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place."

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road—the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

They had walked what seemed to Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Miss Fairhaven.

"Ellikin—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas', and I cut down through



Primitive Ideas.

If boys had teeth like crocodiles, How terrible would be their smiles! How it would shock the human eye To see them eating apple pie.

If little girls had horns like deer, They surely would look very queer! And it would be a sad affair To see them doing up their hair.

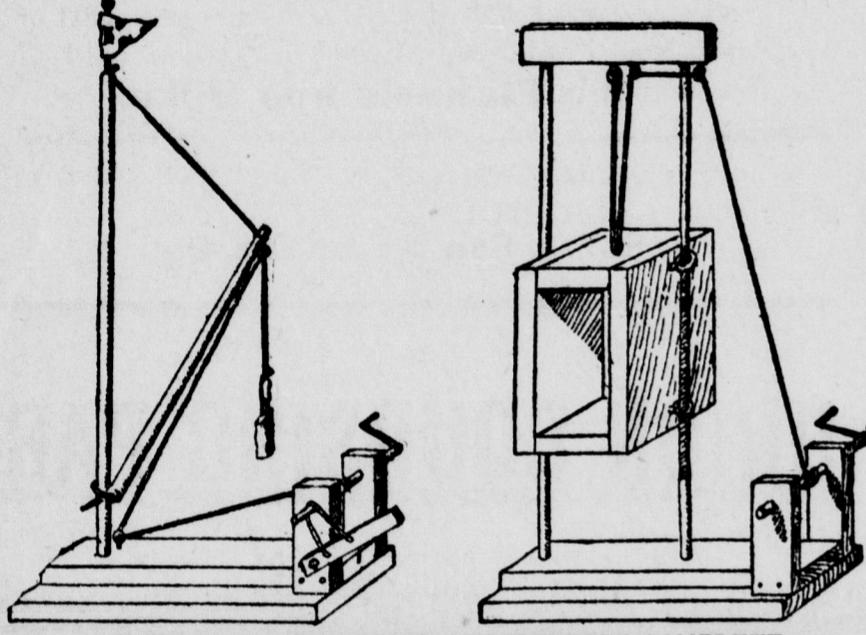
If men had long legs like giraffes, No doubt it would cause many laughs; But what would be their dreadful plight Trying to lie in bed at night!

Novel Home-Made Toys.

One of the easiest things in the world to make is a toy elevator. They can be made as high as a table, so that toys may be lifted from the floor to a table, or only a few inches high. One thing only it is necessary to secure, and that is a pair of smooth sticks on which the elevator may slide. These sticks may be purchased at any hardware store. They are called dowels, are three feet long, and are of different thicknesses. One-fourth inch thick is the best size to use.

The elevator may be any small wooden box whose bottom is removed. One may be made of wood half an inch thick. The right size to make such a box would be four inches high and two inches wide. Screw four screw eyes into the sides through which the dowels will slide. Double-pointed tacks may be used if screw eyes are not available.

After the eyes are screwed in and the two dowels slid in place, stand it



HOME-MADE ELEVATOR AND DERRICK COMPLETE.

upright, so that the dowels will rest on a baseboard. Make marks where they rest, and bore two holes to hold them. The base may be made of one board about an inch thick, or two half-inch boards. It would be about six inches wide and eight inches long. The top can be made of one piece, about six inches long and an inch wide. Be careful to bore the holes in this piece just the right distance apart, or the elevator will not slide easily.

The windlass which is used to wind up the cords of the elevator has two sides made of thin wood three inches long and an inch wide. After they have been cut out, hold them tightly

INSECTS THAT ARE MUSICAL.

All Are Tenors—Males Are Always the Musicians.

Musical insects of the winged type may be divided into two groups: (1) Those which do not use their wings and (2) those which do, for the production of sound. Of the two, the latter species is by far the most numerous.

A very curious fact is that all insects are tenors, deep bass voices being quite unknown; in addition to this, the males are always the performers, female insects being dumb—contenting themselves with stopping at home and looking after the children instead of standing at the front door singing like their lords and masters.

Many insects sing by day, such, for instance, as the chickadee, which, however, are not of the "violinist" type, as they play upon a series of hard plates attached to the abdomen, much in the same way as a Spanish dancer uses the castanets. Another insect of this type is the black field cricket, which has its home in a small, cave-like dwelling it prepares in the earth.

Other insects only sing by night—such, for instance, as the domestic and tree crickets, whose regular modulated notes are known to everyone. The apparatus used by these insects exactly resembles a violin, the abdomen being partially endowed with small bridge-like edges or ridges, against which the strings are rubbed, thus producing the strident note characteristic of the insect.

Other insects, such as locusts and their kin, have veritable bows covered with fine ridges and attached to the wings by two buttonlike growths. Others have cavities covered over with a fine membrane which serves the office of resonators; in almost all insects of this type there is a parchment-like part of the abdomen which acts as a kind of sounding board. Strange to say, many of these harmonious insects are deprived of hearing. Crickets, however, are an exception, as they have sharp ears and cease their vocal efforts at the sound of approaching footsteps. Some insects, although apparently deprived of any

means for the production of sound, are none the less capable of making a noise in the world. A notable instance of this is to be found in a locust rejoicing in the euphonious name of *Microcentrum retinervium*, which produces a short, monotonous note like two pieces of metal or flint rubbed together.

So far the field of insect voices has not been widely explored. It would be interesting to study them from the point of view of musical notation, and also to determine whether their song alters in any way according to season, hour of the day, age of the insect and meteorological conditions. — *Scientific American*.

No Demand.

It was not Mr. Graham's fault that his vacation began late in the season, but that it was his misfortune was proved more than once. He spent his holiday in a seaport village which has for some years grown in popularity as a summer resort.

He packed in great haste, and found on his arrival that certain necessary articles had been left behind. He therefore walked to the shop known as "Brown's Emporium," and expressed a desire to see their stock of combs.

With uplifted nose and leisurely step the young woman in charge produced two articles, one bright blue and the other deep red. The material was doubtful.

"We've got these two," said the young woman, indifferently, "but we don't have much call for summer novelties as late in the season as this, when the hotel is getting ready to close."

Blacklist of Drunkards.

All Honolulu drunkards have been officially blacklisted, so that they may be refused drink in the saloons. A correspondent states that "nearly all on the list are steamship men." But if Honolulu's blacklist does not work better than London's the mariners have no need for alarm.

Most men find it easier to get in debt than to get out, but some are unable to get in at all.

SOCIETY BELLE A SQUAW.

Daughter of Wealthy New Yorker Is Wife of an Indian.

A daughter of one of New York's wealthiest and most widely known hotel men, wearing moccasins on her feet and a party-colored shawl over her shoulders and carrying a papoose strapped to her back—this is the curious spectacles that will point out to the thousands of law-seekers from all parts of the country who will go to Lander, Wyo., when the government opens the Shoshone Indian reservation to settlement next spring.

The crank is a hairpin. Straighten out a hairpin, heat one end and burn a hole through one end of the dowel, leave the end of the pin and bend the hairpin around the dowel two or three times. Put three screw eyes in the top of the elevator, and with a stout linen thread string it up as shown in the picture.

A derrick may be made out of a few pieces of wood in a comparatively short time. The best kind to make is one about a foot high made of dowels. The base of the derrick may be made of one or two pieces of wood, so that it will be solid and strong. Half-inch wood, like that found on the side of soap boxes, make the best. Make the base about six by eight inches.

It is a strange tale, that of this daughter of a wealthy and widely known New Yorker and her red-skinned husband.

Grace Wetherbee's father was and still is one of the proprietors of the Manhattan hotel in New York City, which, until the Waldorf-Astoria was built, was the finest hotel in the metropolis.

Six years ago Miss Wetherbee came from New York out to Fort Washakie, eighteen miles east of Lander, to visit

casually they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of Indians were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.

AS TO DYNAMITE DANGERS.

Explosive May Be Handled Recklessly by Experienced Man.

"The recent railway accident at Harrisburg has brought out a vast amount of irresponsible talk about handling dynamite," said a contractor who had purchased tons of that explosive for blasting purposes. "The majority of persons who talk about dynamite have only a vague idea of what it is. Dynamite is not the dangerous substance it is popularly supposed to be. It may be handled with absolute recklessness by an experienced man and will not detonate except under well-defined circumstances. A detonation is about 1,000 times quicker than an explosion. Dynamite detonates. It does not explode."

"Dynamite in its marketable form, in order to fit into drill holes, is shipped in sticks varying from half an inch or two inches in diameter and from three inches to one foot in length. In the early days of its manufacture, before its properties were fully understood, there were some unaccountable explosions that gave dynamite a bad name. It has never recovered from. Time has made us wiser. There is no danger at all in children finding odds and ends of dynamite thrown away by careless workmen. A child would find a great deal of difficulty in exploding it. Every now and then we read of somebody receiving a supposed infernal machine containing dynamite, which is promptly immersed in water before it is opened. If it was really dynamite it would explode just as readily, under proper conditions, if it were in twenty feet of water."

"Dynamite is nitroglycerin held in an absorbent—wood pulp, coal dust or other material—that will hold the explosive tightly. It is a powder of a resinous nature, varying in color with the absorbent used. The strength is calculated by the amount of nitroglycerin absorbed by the carrier, varying all the way from 20 to 80 per cent.

"For commercial purposes stick dynamite is packed in twenty-five-pound or fifty-pound cases, with a liberal allowance of sawdust. It can be freighted or stored without danger, provided common intelligence and care be used. It is only when ignorant persons attempt to experiment with it that it becomes a powerful destroying agency. In some States its transportation by rail is governed by strict law. It should be so in every State. In New York and other cities its transportation through the streets is regulated by the fire commissioner. The police have nothing to do with it." — *Buffalo Courier*.

THE SECRET OF IT.

How the Old Lady Managed to Get Through Great Amount of Work.

The house held a merry family party. They were assembled to celebrate the birthday of Grandmother Birch, one of those delightful women who, lapping over into this day, retain all the vigor and virtues of a past generation.

Coolidge called frequently at the modest home of the post trader to see Miss Wetherbee and openly and boldly paid court to her. Nor did she discourage his suit, as most daughters of wealthy New York hotel men doubtless would have done. Cantralwise, she encouraged it, and when, not long after the couple first met, he asked her to become his wife, she promptly and unhesitatingly consented.

The engagement was a brief one. Arrangements were promptly made for the nuptials. The young Indian missionary and the daughter of the wealthy New Yorker presented themselves before Rev. Mr. Roberts, who was conducting a little mission at the Shoshone reservation, and requested him to make them husband and wife. He declined to perform the marriage ceremony. Nothing daunted, the lovers thereupon set out by stage for Casper, nearly 200 miles distant from the fort, resolved to have the knot tied there. When Mr. Roberts saw, however, that they were determined to carry out their purpose to become husband and wife he relented, called them back and performed the ceremony at his home.

Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have lived happily together and a child has been born of their union—the papoose which the mother carries strapped to her back as squaws carry their infants.

Despite the fact that she is the daughter of a wealthy and cultivated New York man, despite the fact that she was reared amid the refinements of civilization and the luxuries of wealth, despite the fact that she was given all the educational and social advantages that money and the thoughtfulness of fond parents could supply, Mrs. Coolidge has fallen into many of the customs and become addicted to many of the habits of the red people among whom she has lived the last six years. — *Chicago Chronicle*.

Mammot Ants.

The truth-teller was in form. "Talkin' of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They do not compare to the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trawl a ton for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occa-



THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

A Time-Honored Institution Rapidly Disappearing.

In sweet October's shorting days When comes the purple, smoky haze Of many an Indian summer morn, When through the rustling blades of corn

The winsome winds of autumn play— No trace of winter, cold and gray— Then fancy takes a backward flight, Forgotten pleasures come to light, The fun and frolic, rigid rule,

Of childhood's joy—the country school!

The course of study was not high, But small boys oft were made to sigh, With eyes upon the dog-eared book, Not daring otherwheres to look; "The rule of three" they pondered o'er,

And sadly mused on Webster's lore; McGuffey's Readers were the joy Of every story loving boy—

The teacher at his desk and stool Was czar and sultan in the school!

But minds oppress'd would soon rebound; When came the call of "Fox and hound," And "townball" had its devotees,

Who scoured all games that proffered ease;

With laughing eye and rosy cheek The girls would play at "hide and seek," When "books" were called with tinkling bell

A thirsty crowd stood round the well, Waiting their parched lips to cool Before the grind of country school!

Where are the boys who played with me In long gone days of "used to be?" Ah, some are sleeping, calm and still, By Salem church—on Goshen hill!

And some are living, brave and strong, To lift their voice against all wrong. And in the pulpit or the pew

Up hold the good, stand by the true—

Thank God for all—the kindly rule,

And lessons learned in country school! — *J. S. Cheavens, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Before long, the dodo itself will not be more extinct than the old time country school. As a people we have had a mania for multiplying schoolhouses. We doted on a landscape well



SPELLING BEE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

A CHESS VILLAGE.

In a plain of the Harz Mountains, a few miles distant from the quaint old town of Halberstadt, Germany, lies the village of Strobeck. The history of Strobeck and its people has for hundreds of years been associated with the game of chess. It is a veritable chess village, says the Royal Magazine, a nursery garden for that ancient game.

From earliest childhood the boys and girls are made familiar with board and men. At school chess is treated as an obligatory subject, and is taught systematically. As soon as pupils have mastered the moves and the rules of the game, they are encouraged to undertake the solution of chess problems and to invent new ones, just as an English schoolboy is set to making Latin verse.

She had conducted her own house holding quite without hired help, besides being dressmaker and peacemaker, mentor and friend to her own family of nine children, as well as to the various orphaned nieces and nephews who found shelter in her hospitable home.

"Come, mother," finally exclaimed one of the sons-in-law, a dignified manufacturer, "tell us the secret of it! How could you do all that you did and yet keep sound and sane and happy, and now, at 75 years of age, shame us all with your spirit and vivid interest in life? Why, you make us all seem fagged out!"

"Why, I didn't do as much as some other women," said "mother" in deprecatory modesty. But when they continued to demand the "secret," she reflected a little, and then said, with charming ingenuousness:

"Well, you see, I just did first one thing and then another."

The listeners gazed in admiring silence at the beautiful old woman. She, misinterpreting their silence, was beginning to explain, when the manufacturer interrupted.

"Don't, mother!" he begged. "Don't spoil that perfect little autobiography. You just did first one thing and then another." I intend to have those words framed and hung where every employee on my premises can see them. And," he added, finally, "I'll have a copy in my private office, too. And when I'm rushed to death, I'll remember to call a halt and just do first one thing and then another."

Real life romance is like a contagious disease: It should be avoided.

begged for a set of men. None was to be had. Then the prisoner carved a set for himself.

But he must have antagonists. One by one his warders learned the game. The peasants of the village were taking turns to guard him. Soon they all knew how to play, and all became enthusiasts.

Dangers of Peace.

Johnny Ralston was a very good boy, declares Answers, but he had one fault which it seemed impossible for his mother to overcome; he would fight with other boys. He had been reprimanded, and at last Johnny had made a faithful promise that he would battle no more.

That very evening he returned from school with a cut cheek and a swollen nose.

"Johnny," said his mother, "you promised me this morning that you would not fight again."

"But I haven't been fighting, ma. This is an accident."

"Yes, ma. I was sitting on Tommy Biggs, and I forgot to hold his feet."

Afghan Justice.

In a native irregular force raised by an Afghan chieftain, the following amusing incident took place: A man was brought before the chief for stealing a shirt, and this is how the case proceeded:

Chief (to prisoner)—You are charged with stealing a shirt.

Second Witness—Your honor, it was my shirt.

Result—Prisoner ten days for stealing the shirt, first witness ten days for not looking after the shirt better, and second witness ten days for not minding his own business.

Nat's Latest Failure.

"I notice that Nat Goodwin has scored a failure in 'Beauty and the Barge.'"

"Which did Nat play?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Many a man who professes to love his enemies more than he loves the account by hating his friends.

THE ENTERPRISE

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

The popularity of President Roosevelt is worldwide. Pope Pius X has directed his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, to get for him a collection of President Roosevelt's messages and speeches and have them translated into Italian. The Pope wishes to make a study of President Roosevelt's views in connection with an important document on social problems which the Pontiff is about to prepare.

Section No. 27 of the County Government gives the Board of Supervisors the right to tax dogs. This particular locality has a plethora of dogs. A tax would reduce the number within reasonable bounds. No man will object to paying a dollar or two annually on a good dog. If all the dogs good and ungod in this town paid a tax of one dollar per capita, the fund would be large enough to maintain a town government.

We are in receipt of a letter from the State Board of Charities and Corrections requesting our views as to the best means of dealing with vagrants, tramps and other transient misdemeanants. The Enterprise defined its position on this subject in 1897. We are in favor of long terms in the County Jail for "vags" and tramps, coupled with eight hours breaking rock or doing some other honest work every day, except Sundays, during imprisonment. A term, be it long or short, in the County Jail, with plenty to eat and nothing to do, as a punishment for vagrancy, is worse than a farce; it is paying a premium to promote the evil in question. The primal order: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is a good, wholesome rule for all mankind. Work is a good medicine for every one, and the vag should be required to take his regular dose while in the custody of "The People of the State of California."

THE CLOSING YEAR.

With this issue the Enterprise concludes its work for the year; we are pleased to note its increased circulation. While the publication has a standing with its readers and is welcomed in the home, we heartily thank subscribers and advertisers for the support given.

Our prospects for the future are bright, having put our hands to the plough; it is not our intention to look back, only so far as it is necessary to gather strength for future work. Here we have a wide field and splendid opportunities, of which it will be our aim to take every advantage. Our State, the finest in the Union; San Mateo, the finest county in the State, and of South San Francisco we cannot in fairness say less, than it presents the finest opportunities for improvement and advancement that can be found anywhere, and we believe in the old adage, "keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

A word to advertisers will not be out of place. We want your help. If you have made your business a success it has been through judicious advertising. If your business venture has not proved equal to anticipation, advertise and make it so. It is surprising what a drop of printer's ink will do for you. Then support the Enterprise. Take the opportunity to commence in the first issue of 1906. It's a good thing, is an ad in the Enterprise. Then push it along. The years of a newspaper man are few and full of trouble, and even for these few years he needs the support of not only the reading but the advertising public.

Thanking subscribers and advertisers for their kind consideration in the past, we trust the future will prove mutually pleasant and profitable. We therefore take this opportunity to wish you one and all a happy and prosperous New Year.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the va-

rious wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

Last week Congress declared a recess until January 4th. Many of the members returned to their homes to spend the holidays.

Representative Williams of Mississippi introduced a bill to place on the free list beams, angle irons, rivets, shaftings, propellers, castings and other material imported for use in the construction of American ships.

A joint resolution providing for the acceptance of the recession of Yosemite Valley was introduced by Senator Perkins. The resolution recites the action of the California Legislature in receding the valley and Sequoia big tree grove, defines the boundaries and accepts recession on the part of the United States. It is expected the resolution will soon pass Congress.

The following postmasters have been appointed for California: At Ball, Siskiyou county, Allie Short; at Bayard, Humboldt county, Benjamin E. Barwise. Daniel Cartwright was appointed rural carrier at Oleander, Cal., and Richard L. Hammer, substitute.

The jury in the case of William G. Crawford, the former deputy auditor for the Postoffice Department, who was indicted on a charge of conspiracy with August W. MacKenzie and George E. Lorenz to defraud the United States in connection with a contract for supplying the Postoffice Department with letter carriers' satchels, has returned a verdict of guilty.

Representative McKinlay has introduced a bill appropriating \$10,000 to be used by the Department of Agriculture in conducting experiments in co-operation with the California experiment station for the eradication of the pear blight.

A number of bills which have passed the Senate in previous sessions but which failed in the House or in conference, were reintroduced by Senator Perkins. They were: For continuing the work of the snag boats on the Sacramento, Feather and San Joaquin rivers, \$50,000 per annum; quarters for lightkeepers, Cape Mendocino, \$5,000; fog signal for Humboldt bay, \$15,000; keepers' double dwelling, Point Bonita, \$15,000; light-house, Santa Barbara landing, \$75,000; light and fog signal, Red Rock, San Francisco bay, \$30,000; tender for Twelfth lighthouse district, \$135,000; light and fog signal, Point Cabrillo, \$50,000; revenue cutter, Honolulu, \$225,000; life-saving station, Half-moon bay; rostrum at Presidio Cemetery, \$5,000; improvement of Presidio grounds, \$25,000.

By a vote of 7 to 5 the House Committee on Ways and Means reported favorably on the Payne bill admitting all Philippine products into the United States free excepting sugar and tobacco, which are to pay 25 per cent of the Dingley rates until 1909, when they are also to go on the free list. Two amendments were made to the measures originally introduced in the House by Payne. At the suggestion of Representative Hill of Connecticut a provision was added that all American sugar and tobacco are to be admitted into the Philippines free of duty, and a new section was added which provides that no Philippine products now in warehouses in the United States shall be exempt from duties under the proposed measure.

Sheriff Killed by Maniac.

Santa Rosa.—A frightful tragedy was enacted in the courtroom of Judge White in the Superior Court at Ukiah last week, when Frank Willard, under examination for insanity, suddenly drew a pistol from his bosom, shot Sheriff J. Henry Smith dead and then emptied the remaining charges in his revolver at Judge White as he sat upon the bench. Fortunately the shots aimed at the Judge flew wide of the mark, but Sheriff Smith was killed instantly, the bullet entering his mouth. The murderer ran down the stairs and through the town, taking refuge in Vichy Springs canyon, where he was later captured by an armed posse and returned to the jail. When Willard was first brought up from Hopland to be examined for insanity and placed in the jail, it seems that he was not searched as it was not supposed that he was armed. Sheriff Smith was one of the most popular men in the county and leaves a wife and four children.

New Post for Yamagata.

Tokio.—Field Marshal Yamagata has been appointed president of the Privy Council.

RESIGNS IN DISGUST.

Granting of Constitution in Russia Retires Great Reactionary.

One result of the Czar's manifesto granting a reform government to Russia has been the resignation of M. Pobiedonostseff, the head of the Holy Synod, and the fiercest opponent of liberalism in the empire. This implacable enemy to everything progressive was born in 1827. While professor of civil law in the Moscow University he was the tutor of the sons of Alexander II. In 1872 he became a member of the Council of the Empire, the body, which, with the Czar, has been ruling Russia, and in 1880 he was advanced to the post of chief procurator of the Holy Synod. This position is practically the connecting link between the Russian Orthodox Church and the Czar.

In the early years of the reign of Alexander II, there was a strong movement to replace many of the old and barbarous institutions in Russia by the more liberal ideas of western Europe, but M. Pobiedonostseff strongly opposed all the innovations, maintaining that none of them would be applicable to Russia and Russian ideas. He always set his face steadily against parliamentary methods of administration, modern judicial organization, trial by jury, freedom of the press and secular education.

Probably there was no man in Russia more cordially detested by so many people as M. Pobiedonostseff. He always opposed by every means in his power any liberalization of the civil or religious institutions of Russia, but he was at least sincere. He believed implicitly that Russia was destined to dominate the globe, and frequently said: "Russia is not a state; Russia is a world."

M. Pobiedonostseff practically received his political deathblow when the imperial ukase was issued, striking the shackles from religion. What made it all the more bitter was the fact that it synchronized with the anniversary of his jubilee as procurator general of the Holy Synod.

SELECT HOSPITAL PALACES.

House Surgeon Wears Evening Dress—Everything in Style.

When fashionable men or women go into a private hospital of the present-day type it does not mean that they must put the things of their own world behind them. There is little of the ordinary simplicity of furnishing that one associates with the word hospital in these institutions, says the New York Press, nor is there a prevalence of white walls and the odor of iodine. Nor do the doctors and house surgeons dress in the uniform or the ordinary garb of the average interne.

A first visit to one of the best-known private hospitals in this city must necessarily be something in the nature of a shock to one who knows only the big public institutions of this kind. In place of wide, empty, sun-lighted halls, with hardwood floors, the visitor will see such a dimly lighted interior as he might expect to find in a smart dwelling house. There are costly rugs on the floor, handsome grilles and silk portieres in the doorways. The reception room is also furnished with beautiful rugs, attractive easy chairs and tables on which is a litter of beautifully bound books of all sorts, to say nothing of a profusion of the latest novels.

No dog-eared back numbers of cheap magazines or uninteresting technical monthlies are in sight. Waiting is made as agreeable as possible, so far as the eye is concerned, by the harmonious hanging on the walls and the rare bits of porcelain and pottery that are placed about on convenient shelves and recesses.

Across the hall from the reception room the visitor may catch a glimpse of the dining room of the staff of house surgeons—a perfect gem of an apartment from the masculine point of view. Indeed, it is that characteristic touch of the man in all these decorations that somehow gives to these interiors a savor of being a stage setting. It is such an interior as you might see at the Empire Theater during the run of a modern society play.

A further comforting touch of the correct social atmosphere is furnished to smart inmates of this hospital by the head house surgeon, who invariably makes his round of calls after 6 o'clock in evening dress. He does not shrink his responsibilities in this line by slipping into a dinner jacket. He goes to the extreme of a white waistcoat, with his claw hammer, and as he is a decidedly handsome man the whole effect of his presence is extremely soothing to his feminine patients.

Of course, all of these things go into the patient's bills, though they are not itemized. A young New York woman who had to go to this private hospital for five weeks received a bill for that time of \$546.35. When she got it she looked it over and remarked: "The \$546 is bad enough, but that 35 cents is positively cruel."

There is but one land in which all men and women enjoy equal rights, and that is dreamland.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

A belated commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Bronte occurred a short time ago, six months after the right date, in the rebuilt church at Haworth, the address being made by Ernest de Selincourt.

A book which Little, Brown & Co. publish deserves a paragraph because of the great age of its author, Mrs. Frances Alexander, who has translated from the Italian the 120 miracle stories and sacred legends which make up "Il Libro d' Oro" is in her ninety-third year. Mrs. Alexander's home is in Florence, Italy.

The Williamson's first and most famous motor-car novel, "The Lightning Conductor," has gone into the twenty-second edition. Now it is to be dramatized for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, who will take the leading parts. Harry B. Smith is to condense the varied scenes of the novel into three acts. Of course an automobile is destined to be as essential a part of stage outfits as a piano to the concert stage.

Charles H. Caffin, author of a number of books and essays on art, especially the art pictorial, is of English birth and parentage, and a graduate of Oxford. The Columbian exposition drew him to this country, and he was associated with the decoration department of that great fair. Since 1897 his home has been in New York city, where he is known as art critic, lecturer and writer. He is also the American editor of The Studio.

The heroine of Charles Clark Munro's new novel, the title of which has just been changed from "Chip" to "The Girl from Tim's Place," and the locality where the events of the story occur are not inventions, but are out of real life. "Tim's Place" is in the wilderness of northern Maine, where Mr. Munro, on a hunting trip, found a beautiful young girl employed by the owner, and very cruelly treated, being compelled to go barefooted and to wear men's cast-off clothing instead of the proper dress of her sex.

Herman Heaton, of Amherst, Mass., is an ardent admirer of Thackeray, as may be inferred from the fact that he has a "Thackeray corner" that is the envy of his friends and fellow collectors. Besides a number of fine portraits of the great novelist, he has about 125 volumes, some of which are bibliographic treasures. There is a copy of the famous "Flora et Zephyr," picked up some years ago for a dollar. The "Daly" copy sold for \$850, which was not considered an exorbitant price. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" was bought two years ago for \$6.50. The copy is flawless, with the original paper covers. This edition has sold for \$300. Another treasure of the corner is an autograph letter of Thackeray's which has never been published.

Grave of a Humble Dog.
It is not only the aristocratic dog or the pampered pet of luxury which, dying these days, has a tombstone raised to its memory, says the Philadelphia Record. On the steep bank overlooking Pennypack creek, within the bounds of the house of correction grounds, is the grave of "Joe," a dog which was known and loved by all the inmates of that institution.

Joe was no dog of high degree; in fact, he was what is known as a board-yard dog, and he was so long a resident of the place where he died that no one remembers how he came there. There is a tradition, however, that he first appeared there many years ago, draggled and worn, as though he had wandered far in search of his master, and, finding that master there, he camped on the spot. However this may be, Joe was the prisoners' friend. Whatever had been the shortcomings or evil doings of the people he found there, he never assumed any attitude of criticism or dissent toward them, and his sunny presence was given impartially to the cheering of many a lonely hour. Joe died of old age at the house of correction in 1901, and the little grave he was buried in is still kept green and blooming by the inmates, with flowers which they get from the walks or greenhouses. The little wooden headstone bears the inscription, also the work of one of the inmates: "In Memory of Our Dog, Joe. Died Jan. 24, 1901."

A Natural Query.
A Boston citizen, while passing down Tremont street not long ago, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. One of the first things he did, after being taken home and put to bed was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case. He called and received five crisp, new \$100 bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked.
"Two thousand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand, and you give me \$500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

Dear to His Heart.
"Will you have another helping?" asked the neighbor. "You seem very fond of our chicken."

"And why shouldn't I be," responded Suburban, who had been invited to dinner, "when I can detect the flavor of our flowers in every morsel?"—Detroit Tribune.

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FIREMEN OF A CITY.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ALARM COMES IN.

Alertness with Which the Several Companies of Fire Fighters Respond—Methods of Noting Alarms—A Peep Into the Department.

An alarm of fire! How much this suggests to the mind—the fright, the confusion, the destruction of property, the possible loss of life—the puffing engines and the shouting men! How the blood tingles as after the clang of the fire bell comes the sharp sound of the engine gong, its iron voice crying a jargon of warning! What excitement it causes! Truckmen hastily drive their wagons to the curb; street cars are brought to a halt and pedestrians leap nimbly aside. Then down the street, under clouds of rolling black smoke, comes the fire engine. The plunging horses are going like mad and the glistening body of the apparatus sways from side to side with the terrific speed. Leaning far out from his little iron seat, the daring driver urges the maddened horses to even greater speed. With a roar and a clang the engine flies by. Then comes the sharp, staccato sound of a single horse at a furious gallop, and the fire chief's gig flashes by. In the distance there is the wild ringing of the bell on the aerial truck. Three magnificent horses plunging along at top speed and behind them the master hook and ladder careening along with its sides lined with men! Far down under the ladders, hunched up in his seat of iron, is the tillerman, who steers this monster apparatus. Upon him depends the safety of all his comrades. No use for the driver to handle his horses with the hands of a master if the steersman loses his head for a single instant. In the tillerman's seat must be man with a calm head and nerves of iron. Amid the swaying and lurching, the crashing and yelling, his eyes never waver from the driver. A sharp turn to the right, he holds his tiller steady until the ladders have straightened out on the turn, and then he tugs with might and main to twist the rear wheels into their new path. Then the long dash—straight away, with his watching, waiting for the next turn, and above him the fireless bell, crashing out its warning.

It is an inspiring sight—this watching firemen answering an alarm, but how many realize the intricate agencies which start these great machines almost on the instant of the call? Let us step into fire house and become acquainted. The first thing we notice after glancing at the shining apparatus and the great alarm gong, are the books in orderly array in a desk. The most important book is the house journal, which contains a record of alarms of fire received, whether this particular company is called or not, and the exact moment they are received. The movements of the officers and men are also recorded here, the hour and minute of their leaving quarters each day for meals, and the time of their return and an entry is made of any event pertaining to the workings of the department which might have to be referred to later.

Tracing an Alarm.

Let us trace an alarm. This leads us into the mysteries of the fire alarm telegraph system, without which the science of fire-fighting to-day would be utterly inadequate. A barn is discovered on fire. The owner runs to the nearest box. He opens the door and pulls down the lever on the inside once. Then what does he hear? Only the buzzing of machinery at first, then "ting," on a little bell inside. A pause and then, "ting, ting,



PLAYING ON BURNING RUINS.

wagons were at the fire, together with 25 or 30 men—a small fire department in itself.

Let us now return to a fire house and see how these alarms are received. Near the door of every house is located a small desk, and at this a fireman sits. Nearby, somewhere on the apparatus floor, another fireman may be found cleaning out the horses' stalls, or keeping bright the metal work on the swinging harness, but ready in an instant to assist in "hitching up," should a call or an alarm come ringing out from the array of instruments ranged along the wall near the desk. The man sitting at the desk is the "man-on-watch," who notes the alarms. Just before the alarm sounds on the great gong there is a sharp click which, to the ordinary listener,

they need no command, but are on their feet even before the fireman calls and rattle out of their stalls and under the swinging harness. Snap, snap go the collars about their necks, and then the bit snaps on each side are locked in an instant. Thud, thud! come the men sliding down the pole and striking the rubber pads placed below. Bounding to the apparatus they scramble into their various places. The driver has jumped to his seat on the engine and snaps the belt in place that holds him there, the engineer and fireman also spring on the engine in the rear. The former snatches up a long cube of carbon-like substance which the wind cannot blow out and as he clears the house lights it and throws it into the fire

the number of the box and its locality to the driver, who pulls a cord above him, the big doors slide open—and the engine dashes off to the fire.—Utica, N. Y., *Globe*.

NEW NORTH POLE EXPLORER.

"Musher" Will Be There First When Gold Stampede Is Started.

There is a popular belief in the extreme northwest that the north pole will be discovered by a musher, and not by any scientific polar expedition. This belief is based on the conviction that a gold stampede will eventually be started toward north latitude 90 degrees, and that mushers will rush in where arctic explorers have feared to tread. So completely unknown to fame is this newcomer in the race for the pole that to the majority of people the name suggests nothing but cereal breakfast food.

Gilbert Parker, the novelist, who finds his most congenial theme in French-Canadian life, has made his readers familiar with "Marche-t'en!" the cry with which drivers of dog teams urge forward their panting animals. French-Canadian trappers were among the earliest white men in the far northwest, and American prospectors on the Yukon soon learned to goad their dogs on with the same cry, without, however, understanding the French, which, in their mouths, was rapidly corrupted to "Mushon!" to this day an Alaska dog driver's equivalent for "Gee up!"

Dog drivers generally run with the team and therefore from "Mush-on" has come the noun musher, used all over Alaska and the Yukon territory to designate a traiman. The musher is generally prospector, stampeder and trailman all rolled into one, and Alaska trails are such uncertain quantities that he has frequently to make his own precedents over newly frozen sea and trackless snow. The musher achieves most of his stampeding to new gold fields during the arctic winter, for then the rigid sea becomes a highway and mighty rivers need no bridging.—*Sunset Magazine*.

A King's Punctuality.

All men agree in the abstract that "punctuality is the soul of business," but few act up to the maxim with the strictness of the King of the Belgians. Wherever or however he may travel, whether the visit be of business, pleasure or jewels.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Henry Rutgers was one of those many graduates of King's (afterward Columbia) College who fought in the war of the revolution for the sake of their country. He served as a captain in the American army at the battle of White Plains, and subsequently was a colonel of the militia. During the British occupation of the city of New York his house was used as a barracks and hospital.

During the entire

HENRY RUTGERS. conduct of the war the generosity of Col. Rutgers enabled the Americans to accomplish many things that the lack of financial aid had hitherto prevented them from doing. Rutgers was always public-spirited, giving money after the close of the war for the foundation of schools, churches and various charities and donating the land in New York City for the opening of several streets.

Dog drivers generally run with the team and therefore from "Mush-on" has come the noun musher, used all over Alaska and the Yukon territory to designate a traiman. The musher is generally prospector, stampeder and trailman all rolled into one, and Alaska trails are such uncertain quantities that he has frequently to make his own precedents over newly frozen sea and trackless snow. The musher achieves most of his stampeding to new gold fields during the arctic winter, for then the rigid sea becomes a highway and mighty rivers need no bridging.—*Sunset Magazine*.

On a smaller scale, because he did not have the abundant means of the other, and not for any lack of inclination, Rutgers was another William Morris. He was one of those citizens who formed the bulwark of the nation in its inception, one of the pillars of the State.

Pearls "Die" in the Dark. That pearls "die" in obscurity and retain their luster and value when worn frequently is a fact that has always to be borne in mind by the owners of jewels.

The statement that a historical pearl necklace in the Louvre, originally worth \$100,000, is rapidly depreciating did not in the least surprise the manager of a well-known firm of jewelers.

"Pearls," he said, "must be worn frequently to preserve them. If you take a pearl necklace and lock it up you will find that in the course of years the pearls become dull and lose the sheen that makes them so valuable. Heirlooms which have been carefully treasured will sometimes be found to have deteriorated in this way. They lose their glow and in some instances become almost black. Pearl necklaces never keep so well as when they are constantly on the necks of their owners.

"It has been suggested that personal influences have something to do with the matter, but I think it is more likely that the effect is due to light and air. You can wear pearls practically as long as you like, certainly for fifty years, and they would give no indication of change, and you might lock pearls up and in perhaps twenty years they would show signs of 'dying.' There are, however, ways of resuscitating pearls, but the fact that they 'die' is quite clear."

Natural Mistake.

"I was coming down from Evanston the other day," said a Market street business man, "and as the train stopped at Ravenswood an elderly woman all fixed for travel got aboard. When the conductor came along she gave up her ticket and he looked at it with wondering eyes. 'Madam,' he said, 'this is a half ticket.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I know it.' 'But you cannot ride on it.' 'Why can't I? I came up on the trolley.' It took the conductor a long time to convince the woman that half tickets were for youngsters below the age of 12 years, and even after she had been convinced she seemed to feel that there was something wrong somewhere."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cost of Crowns.

The lightest of European crowns is the State crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria. Although it weighed only 2 pounds 7 ounces, its value is £300,000. One enormous sapphire came from the sceptor of Edward the Confessor. In the Pope's treasure house are two crowns which are valued at £400,000. One of them was the gift of Napoleon to Plus VII, and contains the largest emerald in the world. The other, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to Plus IX, weighs three pounds, and is worth £205,000.

Why Automobile Goggles Are Worn. Rodney—Why do you automobile men wear goggles?

Sidney—if I tell you you'll tell.

Rodney—Never, honor bright!

Sidney—Well, it's to hide that scared look in our eyes.—Harper's Bazaar.

Times May Be Better. It has been decided to admit Jews as students into the University of Moscow. Russia will probably have an easier time in raising money now.

Tipping an Evil. It is held in Germany that the tipping evil has led to the bribery method which is so vexatious to business men.

PULSE of the PRESS

The Mutual Life should be renamed "The McCurdy Living."—Atlanta Journal.

All friends of free government should unite to advise and assist the people of Russia.—Dallas News.

Making Billy Loeb official purveyor of all government news is rather a late adoption of the Russian method.—Pittsburg Post.

Our Audubon societies have now succeeded in getting every sort of bird pretty well protected except the stork.—New York Mail.

President McCall says that there are two sides to the insurance business, but he seems to hate awfully to show the inside.—Atlanta Journal.

Now that "Pat" Crowe is safe in jail, there hardly seems to be any reason for retaining the Omaha police force.—Kansas City Times.

The Czar is handing out pardons as freely as a candidate gives away election cigars. And his object is the same—to win popular favor.—Kansas City Journal.

As we understand it, the public would have been willing to forgive Pat Crowe if only he had been kidnapped. Mr. John A. McCall or Mr. Richard A. McCurdy.—Atlanta Journal.

Also it should be borne in mind that if irritated too much McCall, McCurdy et al. may decide next time just to let the blamed old country go to the bow-wows.—Indianapolis News.

Robert A. McCurdy says a life insurance company is an eleemosynary institution. This intimates that the policy holder will get his dividends in heaven.—Des Moines News.

Arizona preachers want a clause in the State constitution making prohibition perpetual. At that rate the balance of Arizona probably won't want statehood.—Atlanta Journal.

Goldwin Smith, to encourage matrimony, believes that two votes should be given to every married man. Now what has the woman suffragist to say to that?—Houston Chronicle.

Minneapolis is a well-advertised town, but the recrudescence of Doc Ames is not one of the advertisements to which the thoughtful citizens point with pride.—Duluth News Tribune.

It is no doubt interesting to Mr. Bryan to learn that had he been elected in 1896 or 1900 it would have been a great joke on the companies in which he was insured.—Kansas City Star.

The cotton growers have shown the Wall streeters that they can do something despite the money they have up there. The South is getting to be fine on "showing."—Columbus (Ga.) Ledger.

It is announced that the cashier of the Enterprise Bank at Pittsburg left a confession, and the depositors will at once proceed to feel glad that something is left.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

A Kansas man who invested \$7,500 in a farm cleared up a net profit of \$5,600 in two years. Almost, but not quite, as good as being president of a life insurance company.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

It is important not to forget that the grafted is a grafted, first, last and always, and that he calls himself a Democrat or a Republican merely as a matter of convenience.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An exchange remarks that in all his 80 years of successful life Uncle Russell Sage has never been accused of handing out tainted money to churches and charitable organizations.—Duluth News and Tribune.

Joseph H. Choate tells us that we are working too hard and too fast and doing too much. He would probably be jogging along at the same clip as the rest of us if he needed the money as badly.—Buffalo Times.

Cabinet officers have been instructed by the President not to talk to reporters. And there are four Presidential aspirants in the Cabinet fairly bursting to tell the public the things they are doing. Cruelty could not go to greater length.—Milwaukee News.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington, of New York, says that one is not authorized to assume that there are any "female angels," while the fact is that every man has known one female angel, and many men have known dozens, while no man has ever come across a male angel.—Louisville Post.

Paul Morton contends that publicity is the only certain cure for corporatism. In a few years the newspapers will be printing certificates like this from prominent trust magnates: "The doctors could do nothing for me. I was run down and nearly all in when chance put me next to a bottle of your celebrated keep-it-before-people remedy. I do not hesitate to say that it saved my constitution and my laws."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Friends of President McCall of the New York Life say he is a poor man and in debt. If that be true, Mr. McCall ought to ask those friends to kick him. He was simply a fool to waste all the money he got.—Birmingham Ledger.

The story that Cole Younger, the ex-bandit, had reformed was premature, and now, alas! is not likely ever to come true. He has secured a street railway franchise and started out to bond and otherwise exploit it.—Portland Oregonian.



THREE-HORSE ENGINE ON ITS WAY TO A BLAZE.

for the horses there is a sliding bolt to which is fastened the halter-strap that keeps the horses in their stalls. These bolts are operated by switches located near the man on watch, which when worked releases the horses and opens the doors.

When an Alarm Comes. A light is burning brightly beside the desk. Inside the railed inclosure a fireman is sitting. Maybe he is dozing. If he is, he is sleeping with one eye open. In the rear in one of the stalls another fireman, pitchfork in hand, is shaking up and arranging the straw that forms the bed for the horses. A few passersby stop for a moment and peer in through the doorway at the sleek-and-span apparatus always in perfect order. Already some of the horses are down on their haunches nibbling the hay and preparing to go to sleep. Overhead in the "bunk-room" the men are preparing to "turn in," but a few in one corner linger to watch an interesting game of checkers.

Click—one stroke on the instrument, followed by a succession of others. The man at the desk springs to his feet and shouts "get up," at the same time throwing the switch; the lever flies up, the horses are released.



WATER TOWER IN USE.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paretic, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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It is part of the work of the Secretary of the San Francisco Business College to answer truthfully all questions asked by any one interested in business college work. If you are contemplating a course either now or in the future and wish any information regarding the cost, future opportunities, or anything else pertaining to your work do not hesitate to write us.

The San Francisco Business College is recognized as the leading business training institution on the coast. During the past year nearly one thousand calls have been made on our employment department for our graduates. Our influence is growing and we feel safe in saying we can place fifteen hundred young people in good paying positions during the next twelve months, if we can get energetic, enthusiastic, honorable, young people.

Are you going to be one of them? At this time next year will you have secured a thorough training and be in a position where advancement is assured, or will you be plodding along as you are today? The matter rests with you.

Hundreds of San Francisco's most successful business men were, a few years ago, in just the condition you are today. They had the ability but were untrained. We gave them the training and started them in the business world by placing them in positions from which they have advanced to positions of trust and profit. We can do as well for you. Write for a catalogue.

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The Empire of Dollars.

Wall Street is the capital of the Empire of Dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its duels, its cabals, and its camarillas; and, like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotism—"wolf honor"—which brings its citizens together, at times, in defense of the dollar and of property rights.

The Empire of Dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those nice bankers who "financed" the crusades. We do not like to think of those Wall Street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our Civil War, when the nation needed gold.—Success Magazine.

The Earth's Area.

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,984 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 53,000,000 square miles Pillsbury's Vitos has made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

Label.

Guyer—Do you see this suite of rooms? Here is where the business women meet to talk business.

Gunner—You don't say! What kind of business do they talk?

Guyer—Everybody's.

When the Boss Takes It Easy.

Conducting a business is like rolling a huge boulder up a hill. The moment you cease to push it, the moment you take your shoulder from it and think you will rest and take it easy, the boulder begins to crowd back upon you, and, if you are not careful, it will either run over and crush you, or get away from you altogether and go to the bottom with a crash. It is necessary to be everlastingly pushing, following up the boulder, keeping it going, in order to get it to the top of the hill.

One of the greatest dangers of early prosperity in any line is a tendency to relax effort. Many a man ceases to grow when his salary is raised, or when he is advanced to a higher position. Many a business man, after he has built up a large business, ceases to exert himself; and the moment he pauses in his campaign of pushing and struggling, the moment he begins to relax in giving his close personal attention, his business ceases to advance, and fatal dry-rot sets in—one of the worst diseases that can seize on any individual or concern.

The man who attempts to run a business, large or small, must keep his finger constantly on its pulse, in order to detect any rise or fall of temperature, any irregularity, or any jar in the machinery. When the head of a firm is trying to take it easy, there is usually trouble somewhere.—Success Magazine.

Fish that Change Color.

Among the curious observations made by students at the Bermuda Biological Station is that some of the inhabitants of the water there are able to imitate the color of the rocks and reefs among which they swim. The common fish called the grouper possess this power. Its chromatic variability runs through a considerable range of colors. A specimen of the octopus vulgaris, after jerking an oar from the hand of an inquisitive naturalist, escaped pursuit by its ability to imitate the exact shade of any brown or gray neck on which it rested.

Robt. F. Gallagher, expert Court Reporter for over 20 years, has a shorthand record for shorthand writing, teaches shorthand by mail. Learn shorthand at home, then come to the city, secure a position as stenographer and attend evening school for book-keeping and business training. Don't wait until you are in business, enter our future time and be advanced. Send for catalogue of Gallagher-Marsch Business College, 931 Market St., San Francisco, for full particulars. This college turns out more clever stenographers than all other business colleges in California combined. Don't delay, write today—now!

Rather Heavy.

He—That young woman from Boston seems to weigh every word she says.

She—Yes. It's a wonder she doesn't break the scales.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me back my voice for relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of SARSAPARILLA, PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.



"When I was a young feller I most generally wore out my overalls at the knees an' my calluses was all on my hands," remarked the old man to the farm assistant. "Now, I take notus, when there's any patchin' to be done it's on the seat of a man's britches an' the rest of the wear an' tear seems to come on his head. It's all labor-savin' inventions—contraptions to save a feller trouble. S'pose it's all right, but it ain't the way I was raised. Look at you now."

"What's the trouble with me, Uncle Dave?" asked the assistant.

"Well, you may be all right; I don't say you ain't," said the old man. "On'y when you come to my son's huntin' job what did you do? You got out that there diploma you got from the State Agricultural College an' commenced gassin' about centrifugal separators an' electric stimulation of plant life an' nutritive ratios an' permanganate of potash an' such like. An' John, 'stid o' sizin' you up to see whether you was stout enough to do a good man's work an' findin' out whether you knew enough to feed a cow 'thout founderin' it an' keep sober when you went after the mail, asks you if you can run a gasoline engine an' what experience you've had with soil analysis. Gosh! Then you get the job. There ain't no farm hands any more. There's engineers an' biologists an' chemists an' electricians, but there ain't no farmers."

"It's different, that's all," said the assistant. "We get the crops just the same, but we do it easier."

"That's the p'nt I'm makin'," said the old man. "You do it easier. You set on self-harvester-blinder-thresher-sacker an' go through a field o' grain 'thout doin' a lick more 'n pushin' a button or pullin' a lever, an' then you think you're smart because you done it easy. Look at you. I'd wrastle you, collar 'n elbow, or any holts you like an' wipe the ground with you, as old as I am. I could lick you with one hand tied behind me. I bet I can pitch two loads of hay before you could one—but you'd rig up a derrick an' a portable automatic hay fork an' save time an' do it easier. Time! Ain't you got all the time there is? You git out an' saw wood, instead of gettin' a steam engine to do it, an' your back'll be the better for it. Pump water for the stock an' let the wind do the work the Lord intended an' you'll raise some muscle on your arm. Pitch your own hay an' git a chest on you; holler across a ten-acre field an' improve your

lungs, instid o' settin' down to a tallephone."

"You aren't against the use of machinery, are you, Uncle Dave?" asked the assistant.

"No, I ain't agin' machinery. That's all right up to a certain p'nt, but the p'nt is that you're runnin' it into the ground. Look at the advertisements in the papers. All of 'em is to save trouble. Why waste time stroppin' a razor? Why trouble to cook? Use the self-actin' this an' the already-prepared that, an' the automatic the other. Don't you fool away time chawin' your vitties; eat the predigested health food that will save your stummick trouble. Don't use the legs that you've been walkin' with; ride, an' save the wear an' tear on 'em, or stay at home an' press a button or write a postcard an' have what you want brought to you. We kin furnish you anythin' you've a mind to mention quicker an' cheaper an' easier than you kin do it yourself by the old-fashioned methods. Ain't that it? You bet it is."

"I tell you if this idea of havin' everythin' done easy an' without any trouble goes on there won't be no use of livin' an' we'll all git to be the orneriest, triflin'est, shiftlessest set o' people on the face of the airth. That's my judgment. I may be mistaken an' it may be all right to take life easy, but that ain't my notion of it. I don't feel natural with a lot o' machinery sowin' an' cultivatin' an' reapin' an' marketin' an' snortin' an' puffin' an' explodin' all over the place. Life wasn't meant to be too easy. There ain't no satisfaction to me to do anythin' if it's too blame easy. I like to go up against a hard proposition an' beat it out. I don't want a machine deputized to do my fightin' for me an' set back in an easy chair an' watch it done. I'll use my head with the next man, but I want to use my hands, too, an' the rest o' my body. By jinks, they've even got contraptions for makin' fishin' easy.

"I don't want to sit on a traction engine to do my plowin'. I want to have my two fists ahoit of the plow handles an' feel as if I was a-rippin' the sod up myself. I want to straddle the clods an' curse at the horses an' dodge the stumps and in other ways work my body as well as my head. I want to push the saw an' swing the ax an' shoulder the sacks o' taters an' hoist 'em into the wagon. I'm a man an' not jest a swell-headed thinkin' machine—or I used to be."

"It's a case of 'used to be' all around," said the assistant.—Chicago Daily News.

Buffalo, has written a new mass, the manuscript of which was submitted to Rome for approval, and at once received the imprimatur of the committee of cardinals having the matter in charge.

A. W. Bash, who is agent in China for the China Investment and Construction Company, an American corporation, and has been in the Orient for twelve years, said to a reporter in Tacoma the other day: "Just now no concessions can be had in China for love or money."

Discovering a bag in the streets of Sydney, Australia, a man took it to the police station, where it was found to contain gold and banknotes to the value of \$850, and subsequently a hatless old man, a lunatic, who was wandering aimlessly through the streets, was found to be the owner.

Commenting on George Bernard Shaw's whiskers, a recent critic remarked: "There are many things for which a man may not be censured, but his whiskers are his own fault." Shaw has a set which diffuses itself all over his collar and shoulders, and makes it impossible to determine whether he wears a collar and shirt.

An ingenious respiratory apparatus for the use of firemen has been invented by Charles E. Chapin, of Berkeley, Cal. It consists of a hood lined with oiled silk to cover the head, and an air cylinder which is strapped on the back. The cylinder is divided into three chambers, carrying under a pressure that can be regulated enough air to last an hour.

To appreciate the dignity of the net-maker's profession one needs to know the sacredness of the fishing net, and the protection which the law affords. At Gloucester they used to quarantine a town stricken with smallpox by placing fishing nets about it, for the legal penalty for disturbing the nets was so great that no one dared to break through.

Professor of the Non-Existent.
A friend of the poet Joaquin Miller says that he was once conversing with a learned professor who was visiting California.

While Albert Rogers was working in a chair suspended by a rope on board a ship in San Francisco Bay a workman above him dropped a redhot rivet, which burned the rope through and precipitated Rogers into the hold, to his serious injury.

The late Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, Cal., conceived and first carried out the modern method of long distance transmission of electric energy for power and light by carrying electricity to his city, twenty-two miles, from water power at Folsom.

Life is not so bad for the man who meanders down the path leading to eternity hand in hand with a sympathetic woman.

BLOOD POISON THE BLACK FLAG

The black flag is an emblem of horror and dread. When it is hoisted by an army, the order has gone forth that "no quarter" will be given, everything must be destroyed. Helpless women and children, as well as opposing soldiers, meet the same fate, and a trail of desolation, suffering and death is left behind. Contagious Blood Poison is the black flag of the great army of disease. This vile disease is known as the blackest and most hideous of all human afflictions, overthrowing its victims and crushing out the life. It is no respecter of persons; no matter how pure the blood may be or how innocently the disease is contracted, when this awful virus enters the circulation the hideous, hateful and humiliating symptoms begin to appear, and the sufferer feels that his very presence is polluting and contaminating. Usually the first sign of the disease is a little sore or ulcer, but as the blood becomes more deeply poisoned the severer symptoms are manifested, the mouth and throat ulcerate, the glands in the groins swell, a red rash breaks out on the body, the hair and eyebrows come out, and often the body is covered with copper-colored spots, pustular eruptions and sores. In its worst stages the disease affects the nerves, attacks the bones and sometimes causes tumors to form on the brain, producing insanity and death. Not only those who contract the poison suffer, but unless the virus is driven from the blood the awful taint is handed down to offspring, and they are its innocent victims. Blood Poison is indeed a "black flag."

Several years ago I had blood poison and my flesh was in an awful condition. Great sores would break out and nothing on them would do any good. My hair and eyebrows fell out and I was weak. My hands were so sore I had to live on milk and water. I took Mercury for a long time and instead of getting better I continued to grow worse and my arms and hands became so weak that I could not walk and I felt that my time was short here if I did not get some relief. I began to use your S. S. S. and it helped me from the start. After taking it for a few weeks all the sores disappeared and I am a strong, well man. It got all the mercury out of my system and it cured me sound and well. ADAM SCHNABEL, Evansville, Ind. No. 211 Mary St.

"I tell you if this idea of havin' everythin' done easy an' without any trouble goes on there won't be no use of livin' an' we'll all git to be the orneriest, triflin'est, shiftlessest set o' people on the face of the airth. That's my judgment. I may be mistaken an' it may be all right to take life easy, but that ain't my notion of it. I don't feel natural with a lot o' machinery sowin' an' cultivatin' an' reapin' an' marketin' an' snortin' an' puffin' an' explodin' all over the place. Life wasn't meant to be too easy. There ain't no satisfaction to me to do anythin' if it's too blame easy. I like to go up against a hard proposition an' beat it out. I don't want a machine deputized to do my fightin' for me an' set back in an easy chair an' watch it done. I'll use my head with the next man, but I want to use my hands, too, an' the rest o' my body. By jinks, they've even got contraptions for makin' fishin' easy.

"I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Mr. Jawback—I'm going to get a life insurance policy.

Mrs. Jawback—You're foolish. It's all a graft.

Mr. Jawback—But what would you do if I die?

Mrs. Jawback—Marry again, of course.

Mr. Jawback—You couldn't if my life hadn't been insured for a good sum.—Cleveland Leader.

Why It Proved a Failure.

Scribbles—Wright's new book, "Life in the Slums," failed to make a hit, I hear.

Dribbles—Yes. He had no idea of poverty—only poverty of ideas.

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Short and to the Point.

Barber—Hair cut? Yes, sir. How will you have it?

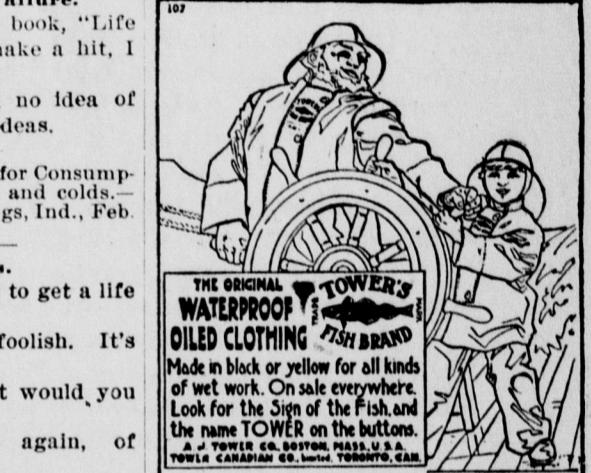
Grouch—Both short.

Barber—Er—you mean hair and beard?

Grouch—No, hair and conversation.—Philadelphia Press.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE.
great remedy the symptoms all pass away and no sign of the disease is ever seen again; nor is there left the least trace to be handed down to posterity. Special book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice desired will be sent without charge to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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THE ORIGINAL WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING TOWER'S FISH BRAND
Made in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work. On sale everywhere. Look for the Sign of the Fish, and the name TOWER on the buttons.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

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CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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GOLDEN GATE — AND — **MONARCH BRANDS**

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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